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MONDAY
NOVEMBER 8, 1954

Raining.

John Wiley called me on the telephone. He and his wife are leaving today for Rome.

L., N., and I went with Max Borrell to the studio of Sotomayor, the Court painter of Spain and the father of Max's agreeable wife, herself an artist. His paintings are flashy and facile, but intriguing, for they represent much of the social history of this country for the past forty years. L. and I also went to the "flea market", where thousands of antiques and fakes are jumbled together. Bought nothing, but found the shops amusing and the proprietors [redacted] courteous.

We take all our meals upstairs because of E.'s health. She has been [redacted] careful and is getting stronger.

This afternoon Loulou and I motored to Toledo. We saw the El Greco museum, with its many fine paintings. The thin-faced Twelve Apostles are worth crossing a continent to regard. The house itself is [redacted] attractive. It was, before Greco, the home of a famous usurer, Samuel Levy, apparently the Court banker, who was finally repaid by having his throat slit and his treasure pillaged.

We visited the Church of San Tomas and saw the great Greco of the burial of Count Orguz. It has at last been lighted and is a sight to behold with awe and admiration.

This was a charming visit, and I enjoyed enormously being with Loulou and hearing her talk of books, painting, prints, coins, and a little of her own complicated relations, the Croys and the d'Arenbergs. The head of the latter family is living at Beaulieu and deliberately allowing his castles, archives, and art objects to disintegrate in spite of all remonstrances.

Farewell dinner tonight, commencing with Spanish caviar. It was good — small and black grains.

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